

I
a carpenter
drill
plug
varnish
and unite
two otherwise
unusable
boards.
Slabs of wood
fit together
better
if nailed
and aged.
Let me be
your carpenter.

-- Ron Norman

Barre, Vermont

Beware The Writer Who Is Constantly

Beware the writer
who is constantly being asked
about his next book.

His postman will load the mailbox
with rich treasures begging a favor.

His wife will answer the telephone
with a breath
of hot, yellow mustard.

His basement will fill with cool potatoes
sprouting flags of applause.

His house cat will stand at attention
before the fireplace
saluting a press conference.

His typewriter will replace the television
in the middle of a deep, carpeted room.

A Fat Man Stabbed/His Pores Full of Swords

The thistle has a small bloom,
a slow pink flame
in early August.
It sits like a mad hat upon
the fruit, a small green bomb
about to explode.